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A SYMPOSIUM

ON THE VALUE OF HUMANISTIC, PARTICULARLY CLASSICAL,
STUDIES: THE CLASSICS AND THE NEW EDUCATION

II. THE CLASSICS AND THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM

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Πτεροφνέω

My classical colleagues—whom I hold in due awe, knowing just enough to appreciate my dense ignorance in their field—have evinced no little temerity in summoning me to this assize. As for them, I can only suppose that they think philistinism an incurable disease, and that, hopeless, they revert to the consolations of philosophy. Unhappily, consolations are very like salt water: the more we slake our thirst, the thirstier we grow. So I issue fair warning.

“The Classics and the Elective System”! What shall I say? Shall I hark back to the benches of that distant Greek classroom, nigh forty years down the files of time, alas, and transcribe this early effort? “The Isles of Greece were always quarreling as to which was the birthplace of Homer. Chaos has the best right to claim him.” Rather let me exclaim—

Exegi monumentum aere perennius—

“I have eaten a monument more lasting than brass,” as a Glasgow student translated it on an auspicious morning; “then, for God’s sake, sir, sit down and digest it,” as Ramsay retorted

instantly. Worse luck, I must perform the operation on my "hind legs"; worse still, "magna comitante caterva."

Why, the job's as bad
As if you tried by reason to be mad.

Like comets, earthquakes, trusts, suicide, and anarchism, not to mention other lambent phenomena, the elective system may be tracked to its causes. Whether these vindicate its existence were another question. For, as every Freshman philosopher discovers, it is one thing to justify the ways of God to men, another to justify the ways of men to God. Let me step in where Mr. Rand feared to tread. What a truncated business the knowledge of a century ago appears to us now. Given the eighteen bodies forming the solar system, with inertia and gravitation, it was possible both to tell and to foretell their positions relative to each other in space. Nothing had been learned of their physical constitution—the future held Kirchoff's happy birth. In the same way, chemistry was just breaking the bonds of the phlogiston legend, sorry recriminations resounding. Gelatine was believed to be the febrifuge agency in quinine, while otherwise the less said of the "sciences" of medicine, physiology, and the rest, the better. The surprise bath—tumble the patient from a high tower into an icy tub—was prescribed as a remedy for insanity, on the principle that like cures like, I presume. Further, if these marvelous fribbles characterized nature-study, the notions entertained about man, in his total structure and history, might well be described by Terence's line: "Better or worse, help or hurt, they see nothing but what suits their humor." Even Heine, as you Grecians remember, could only gird at F. A. Wolf—his greatest title to fame. But a profound revolution had set in.

Thereafter followed (1) the extension and almost complete transformation of mathematics and the physical sciences; (2) the growth and progressive subdivision of the biological sciences; (3) the organization and startling ramifications of the human sciences; (4) inventions—the application of the new knowledge in engineering, commerce, manufactures, and the immense multiplication of practical outlets. As a consequence,

numerous subjects forced their way into the curriculum. It were superfluous to specify, but, as everyone is aware, unprecedented enlargement ensued. At length, as has been alleged, so bemused did we become by the very wealth of our own successes, that we abandoned the problem of higher education and clambered into the elective automobile—the omnibus being voted too slow—recking not of destination. Having little Latin, we had never heard Seneca's comment: "Among other evils, folly has this special peculiarity: it is always beginning to live." In a word, the tried education went by the board, adjudged inadequate or even "sterile." Such was the first stage.

The sequel next, an oft-told tale that runs somewhat thus. "The world of our habitation had changed so radically that we attributed a parallel transformation to man. So, without much reflection, we presumed that any boy or girl, at nigh any age, might study anything with advantage. The idea flourished luxuriantly within the university. Pursuits permissible to the graduate, after extensive preparatory *drill*, seeped into the undergraduate college. Pathetic spectacles ensued. The goddess fled our altars, because the high mass of the human spirit had fallen into desuetude. Like his prototype, the political parson, the wire-pulling professor served other deities. We were midmost a sorry comedy, of the kind that takes its rise in the second-rate. Talk about culture, and other precious possessions, had displaced the fact. Horizons had been destroyed. The arts faculty, in particular, had gone to pieces—what did it import after all? The professional school alone provided a center of real 'work.' In these days every inhabitant of Israel did as seemed good in his own eyes. And now we are wondering—wondering why these things be!" We may take this indictment as we please, the patent truth is, some very serious problems are upon us, and we cannot, indeed dare not, evade them. Blink it as we may, trumpet our numbers and appliances as we choose, a fateful situation exists relative to the future.

The elective system and classical studies belong to the arts faculty. Therefore I am restricted to this aspect of higher

education. Fortunately the limitation renders the subject less hopeless and unmanageable, even if the undergraduate jungle be thick. Further, I must address myself to the select class of reasonable and, above all, independent men, leaving my hearer to fit the cap. For I do not propose to manipulate statistics, although I have them—this were too easy. On the contrary, I desire to arouse reflection.

As I see it, the problem presents two phases. (I) Remembering that we are to consider the mother faculty alone, we cannot ask, What is a university? But we must inquire, What is the condition requisite for the continued efficiency of higher education under present circumstances? (II) This immediately raises the pendant question, What arrangements are most likely to realize the aim contemplated?

I

It is tolerably plain that any plan worthy the name "educational" implies a definite purpose. This may be easy or difficult to discern; without it, education can hardly exist. What, then, is *our* plan? We may assert, first, that it is not the German idea. No matter how some may complain that we have imitated Germany, we have not reproduced her system; our secondary schools are not designed to prepare "maturity-examination" material. The arts college makes no pretense of producing the most accurate scholars imaginable, or the best-disciplined experts in pure science. The intellectual aim has not contrived to subordinate every other. Whether we congratulate or bemoan ourselves, we are bound to recognize the fact. Nor can we be said to follow the French. Numerous posts under government, attainable only after successful trial in competitive examinations *ad hoc*, exert no influence over the American university. We know next to nothing of the severe apprenticeship demanded by them. We cannot realize the meaning of an academic test that anchors a man securely in a superior class. Once more, thanks to social contrasts, we have drifted far from English practice. The very name, "public school," indicates why. With us a public school is an institution supported by popular taxa-

tion, providing instruction free or at nominal charges, on the ground that this is a necessity if we are to develop "intelligent citizenship." With the English a public school is an expensive private school maintained to provide from the "directing classes" men who may be trusted to serve the empire in responsible capacities or to perpetuate this type of training. Consequently the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are in many respects continuations of the public schools. There is no such break between school and university discipline in England as in the United States, or even in Germany. Nevertheless the American boy "goes to *school*" at Ann Arbor, Chicago, Iowa City. In contrast with these other countries, our purpose is expressed frequently in the somewhat vague phrase, "preparation for life." Vague, I say, because life happens to be fluid and equivocal, especially in this new land of kaleidoscopic shifts and manifold experiments. So the statement bristles with possibility of quibble. What better proof of this could we desire than the existence of the elective system itself?

Now, if you ask me—as you must here—to attempt an interpretation, I am compelled to raise certain questions. On the one hand, Do we mean education to mold life? On the other hand, Do we intend life to dictate education? Or, combining both, Are we interested more in the quality of person whom we produce or in the niche which he will fill, perchance, the moment he escapes the campus? Let us be quite frank, and make the confession that is good for the soul. If we thus confront the reality, the dilemma solves itself, of course. We allow life to dictate education, and material life at that. We dote on the "position," we reflect very little on the man. Our foremost thought is vocation; we even have difficulty in grasping the bare import of avocation. We plagiarize from the world of utility, and are so insensible of our debt that we plume ourselves on the "originality" of our system, and flaunt it before foreigners as a model. We figure our pupils as eventual pedagogues, clerks, salesmen, journalists, landscape-gardeners, library-assistants, and so forth. It seldom occurs to us that, first and foremost, they are, and must continue, human beings,

and that our prime responsibility is to inoculate them with an estimate of life commensurate with this, their privileged calling. Our education follows, it does not lead, our practice. Hence the jibes that swarm round our devoted heads today. And the elective system is nothing more nor less than the principal form in which utilitarian accommodation levies blackmail upon our universities. It exhibits compromise on a big scale. Now compromise is weakness or indecision. And as both parties to it—our life no less than our education—lack definite backbone, the equivalence of interests resultant were surely something to consider critically rather than to flourish as a paragon of perfection. Anarchy *plus* the bread-basket offers a curiosity in ideals! At all events, I am acquainted with but a single defense for our “educational” purpose. You may take it or spurn it as you prefer. Opportunism is the one “system” of life that has carried conviction to men who never go through the labor of consecutive thought. So far, then, the outcome is a stalemate.

But, by implication, I have hinted the true purpose of any such education as an arts faculty can give and retain its reason for being. If I be not wide of the mark, the tide of our contemporary routine is set, and set decidedly, against originality. Unluckily, nobody can be held accountable for this deplorable state of things. It has ensued naturally upon an expansion too rapid to escape muddle. On the contrary, the fundamental aim of an arts faculty is precisely to elevate intelligence above all else, to make men thoroughly pervious to ideas. For the primary condition of efficacious higher education is intellectual resilience, widely diffused, constantly active, and, beyond everything, mobilized upon definite points of spiritual attack. The things of the mind, not as the decorative appanage of a favored few, not as a private concern of a professional guild, but free to the whole people, familiar equally to the poor and to the rich—these uplift, sustain, and anneal. I declare emphatically that this process and result, and nothing but this process and result, constitute higher education. Remember, I have no reference to portentous learning, to recondite information, or

the like, but to education—a certain quality induced in men, which enables them to evaluate the issues of life as human beings should. With it, peoples may lay the potter's hand upon civilization; without it, they are fated to become a "scape in oblivion." What a flush of shame should suffuse our faces at the thought that, sometimes, the arts faculty has sunk to the level of a "bazaar or pantehnicon, in which wares of all kinds are heaped together for sale in stalls independent of each other"; and that, as an inevitable consequence, mental elevation has been displaced by the cant of the "up-to-date"—a naïve euphemism for the obvious. Why these terrible dangers? Because we have had little care to *think through* the indispensable condition of higher education. This is none other than conversion of spirit, a transformation of mind by mind, eventuating in disinterested anxiety for intellectual completion. Genuine appreciation, by a personality made alert and supple, is at once the condition and the outcome of higher education. Of this we can affirm with certainty, the education of man is the judgment of man. And an arts faculty finds its true reason for being, simply in constant reminder to the human spirit that it is ever outward-bound. We representatives of the humanities and the pure sciences are not here as hucksters of information, but as prophets of the Platonized intelligence that reproduces its own vision in those who are soon to transmit the cultural conscience of the nation. A tremendous responsibility; for, lacking this kind of conscience, independence, the fruit of sleepless vigilance, will wither.

There can be little doubt that superficialization, our scourge now, is due to confusion between education and encyclopedic instruction. It is a bane of pupal democracy, which never understands that individuals cannot make a people, that public spirit is important, not because it is public, but because it is spirit. Hence, in the care for immediate utility, according to *individual* hopes, intellectual virtue, as a *national* habit, has languished. Nor is any salvation likely under a system that stands for compromise on the cardinal points of unity and liberality. The tendency of the elective system has unquestionably been to level down in some studies, to foster luckless

irrelevancies and positive crudities, above all, to obscure the fundamental unity of the arts course by a feeble routine. Hours of credit, and idleness, are the alternatives it offers to not a few, and happy is he who contrives to grab both. Nothing could well militate more against the end which we arts teachers live to witness—power in perspective. We are here to enable humanity to control itself, not to prolong the day when “things are in the saddle and ride mankind.”

II

But how to accomplish our mission? Let us take an example, and reason from it to the underlying forces that mold it. Listen to these paragraphs. So far as I am aware, they were not written by a great scientific authority, nor by a prominent classical scholar, nor by a philosophical genius. But I do know that they bear the hall-mark of an educated man, of the kind who ought to be the distinctive glory of the arts course. He calls himself “Kappa”; he would rarely adorn Phi Beta Kappa.

Once more I look abroad from my study window, but this time with a different preoccupation. What I saw before—whether with the bodily or the mental eye—was a clot of matter orbed in the turning-lathe of cosmic forces; swinging with headlong velocity round one of an infinite host of incalculably greater orbs; carrying with it an atmosphere of subtle and complex chemistry; swathed about with life-giving oceans; its crust built up and crumbled down by the patient energies of ten thousand ages; and clad as to its surface in a motley robe, woven of myriads of living, multiplying, and dying organisms, some of which, by an ultimate miracle, have broken loose from their roots, and move palpitating through the atmosphere, on wings, or hooves, or feet—or motor-bicycles. Now, as I look around, I fix my attention on another order of phenomena: those associated with the mental as distinct from the merely vegetative functions of the organisms which, in the absence of auxiliary mechanism, move on two feet. These creatures have somehow developed the power of remembering, grouping, abstracting, recording, communicating their sense-impressions; of distinguishing between the I and the Not-I; of using tools; of telling stories and singing songs; of forming societies, offensive and defensive, which are themselves elaborate organisms; of killing each other with weapons of far wider range than the tooth and claw of nature; of disputing

about the Whence, How, and Whither of life, and adopting theories for which they are willing to persecute or to die. . . .

From my point of outlook, then, what evidences do I see of the activities of this order of beings? I see men and women laboring the earth with various implements, some of them drawn by horses. I see a man on horseback inspecting and directing their work, and infer that he owes his place in the saddle to the fact of his having more money, and possibly more intelligence, than they. I see a large red-brick house, with classic pilasters and cornices, embowered in the ancient trees of a spacious and beautiful park. I know that it is not the home of the labourers in the field, nor even of the man on horseback, but of another man to whom he pays money for the privilege of using the land. At the same time I see people freely passing across this "property," thus showing that the community has certain prescriptive rights, even as against the lords of the soil. . . . By the roadside stands a village of about a thousand people, with one church, one school, three chapels, and fourteen public-houses. The church is many centuries old, and contains half-effaced brasses and tombs of knights in armour, with their ladies by their sides. Its architecture, its monuments, the doctrines preached in its pulpit, and the ritual conducted at its altar, are so many relics and vestiges, to the understanding mind, of the spiritual contests and compromises of two thousand years. . . . I can hear an express train thundering along the railroad on the other side of the valley. It is one of the greatest of world-highways, issuing out from a giant city, a nation in itself, and carrying men the first stage of their journey to the remotest regions of the globe. It passes by earthworks piled by races whose very names are forgotten; battlefields where the fate of dynasties was decided; glorious cathedrals, like arks left stranded on the hill-tops by the shrinking of a deluge of faith; volcanic chains of furnaces, sending forth pillars of cloud by day, of fire by night; and vast, clanging factories, where the forces that for aeons lay dormant in matter have at last been enslaved by man, and have in their turn imposed on him the fetters of an abhorrent thralldom.

On every square inch, in fact, of this portion of the planet, unnumbered generations of men have left their stamp; and it is even now the abiding-place of a generation which is battling—blindly and purblindly, in wisdom and in folly—with the thousand problems of its own and its children's fate. Its name—England—is writ large in the annals of mankind for the past thousand years. It is a treasure-house of great and inspiring, or humbling and chastening, memories. Love yearns toward it, hatred scowls at it. The burden of greatness lies heavy on it, and its sons are partakers in a tremendous responsibility; for it is one of the six or eight organized societies of men which must work out, in co-operation or in contest, the future of the race.

Through the open window floats the sound of a distant voice, and a nearer voice replies: "I am coming immediately." The first three words call up before the mind's eye the Baltic fenland or Frisian forest whence they were imported fifteen hundred years ago. The last word, more sonorous and stately, "sounds for ever of Imperial Rome." Its syllables were heard in the four-square village on the Palatine, and were familiar to the lips of Cicero and Caesar.¹

Now, these paragraphs tingle with intimation. Scan them even a little, and you will find that they convey at least five important truths. (1) The classics dare not continue to subsist upon a perpetual dream of possibilities. For (2) under modern circumstances an educated person must know something (*a*) of nature, meaning either the stable physical universe, or the living organisms illustrating "matter" in unstable equilibrium; (*b*) of man, meaning thereby man's significant creations—language, society, morals, literature and art, religion, and so on. (3) A human being cannot be held educated unless he possess ability to set the miscellany of acquisition in philosophical perspective, and thus to divine the internal affiliations of wayward facts. As Darwin put it, "no one can be a good observer unless he is an active theorizer." (4) Grasp of historical development is an essential condition of authentic knowledge, it makes little difference in what field. (5) Education itself is not a "subject," the *corpus vile* for some facile sciolist, but a state of the human spirit whereunto one can be baptized only by certain experiences, and primarily by intercourse with masters who incarnate it already.

The inference is not obscure. Unity and variety form the poles of our present pedagogical antinomy. As our national life grows more complex, whether by internal division or by immigrant increment, the more insistent becomes the call for an educational system designed to conserve its unitary *ethos*. On the contrary, as knowledge diversifies and vocations spawn, the greater the need to include typical "supporting" subjects; but also, mark you, the greater the futility of the counsel which urges anybody to "learn everything." The student is to know

¹ *Let Youth but Know*, 69 f.

something of nature, and everything of man; or everything of nature, and something of man. What an absurdity, of course! The intent plainly is, that he should be grounded in natural science so that he can appreciate its standpoint, method, and worth, whatever his predominating interest in humane studies, and *vice versa*; the case for all *Wissenschaft*, natural or human, is identical, as against seductive smattering. A broad outlook is imperative, or, as the editor of the *Westminster Gazette* says, the student ought to have "a reasonable equipment of practical knowledge, with a mind awakened to the interest and mystery of things, and free from that absorption in the trivial which is one of the worst signs of modern youth." His preliminary instruction cannot but be largely utilitarian, or disciplinary, and more or less in the nature of a "grind." The arts faculty must assume this, and take upon itself to test fitness in its own way. We may note in passing that at present it makes little pretense to search candidates, and as a result deliberately degrades itself to the level of a school. I presuppose that we shall cease to compete with preparatory institutions. I presuppose we grant that every student should learn the outlook of science, and this by means of courses designed for him, not for those who intend to specialize on the scientific side. Further, it is admitted that classical partisans were wrong in their efforts to limit "sound learning" to the languages of Greece and Rome. It is asserted that they were right in their insistence upon the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. It is admitted that the supporters of science were correct in their proposal to adjust the curriculum to the vast extension of information. It is asserted that they were mistaken in their emphasis upon utility.

We are left, then, with the humanistic subjects, and with the aim of the arts faculty, to produce not "things," but persons in whom reason is exercised for insight upon materials which compel this quality. In a word, we have to consider the case of those students who will devote their main attention to man. A controlled elective system, with sane options for educational ends, as I have described them, is understood. At this point,

the situation begins to clear quickly. The human sciences are: (1) languages and literatures in their numerous ramifications; (2) historical studies in their many developments; (3) economics in all its branches; (4) philosophy, in part—for metaphysics, logic, and epistemology bear as much upon natural as upon human science. Each of these groups is interminably complex. Accordingly, the student who contemplates “expert” skill must devote his life to one, nay to a portion of this one. To be direct, only a fraction of those who elect the humanistic side will approach classical scholarship as a career. The classical men must recognize the fact, and adjust themselves to it. I would not presume to lay down a law to my colleagues here. But they might familiarize themselves with the question, What can we arrange for pupils who take our courses merely as supports, and with no thought of eventual mastery? I venture to hint that sometimes the problem has not been faced with the necessary frankness. For those who intend to become classicists, the classical departments have both the right and the duty to plan as they deem wisest on the basis of contemporary demands. But for the rest, the great majority, the needs of other subjects should be consulted carefully. This agreed, we cannot but recognize that classical studies furnish supports all round in a unique way. Without them, how are men to be philologists; to get at the inwardness of the English and the Romance tongues and literatures; to probe the beginnings of Western philosophy; to understand rhetoric; to learn the sources of English style; to handle great stretches of history; to follow the development of education; to trace the present position of jurisprudence; to uncover the growth of Christianity; to appreciate the scope of ethics; to fathom the drama, and a hundred other things? It seems inevitable, therefore, that, when we recover our sanity about educational values, we shall see a revival of the classics as an essential accessory. So I must record my agreement with that ideal “professor of education,” Matthew Arnold:

I cannot help thinking, therefore, that the modern spirit will deprive Latin and Greek composition and verbal scholarship of their present uni-

versal and preponderant application in our secondary schools, and will make them, as practised on their present high scale, *Privatstudien*, as the Germans say, for boys with an eminent aptitude for them. For the mass of boys the Latin and Greek composition will be limited, as we now limit our French, Italian, and German composition, to the exercises of translation auxiliary to acquiring any language soundly; and the verbal scholarship will be limited to learning the elementary grammar and common forms and laws of the language with a thoroughness which cannot be too exact, and which may easily be more exact than that which we now attain with our much more ambitious grammatical studies. A far greater quantity of Latin and Greek literature might, with the time thus saved, be read, and in a far more interesting manner.²

The problem, then, is twofold—general and special. With regard to the *first*, whatever humanistic group a neophyte may elect, it is essential that he should be turned out a person to be reckoned with—an originating force. In other words, he must possess a nimble and full mind. This difficult, priceless acquisition depends upon individual effort directed toward material of a certain quality. I have indicated already from this platform³ why the classics excel for this purpose, and I need add little. It is fair to say, however, that youth needs perspective and a sense for relative values—never more than in these distracted times of ours. Now if my experience tell me anything—and eight thousand students are on my head, in two lands divided by many contrasts—it is this: sanity and insight cannot be obtained most readily and effectively from study of “modern” affairs. Inevitably, judgment suffers prejudice here. For example, if I insist that Browning, alone among nineteenth-century poets, ranks with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe, many loud protests arise forthwith. Whatever his greatness, he is not a classic yet, and possibly he will never become classical. Nay, I in my turn, should be compelled to admit the contention of the psychologist, Rabier, that the Frenchman read-

² *Higher Schools and Universities in Germany* (1882), 171-72. Arnold has reference, of course, to the exclusive classical discipline of the great “public schools” of England, as they then were. But, *pari passu*, the passage bears upon our old “college” curriculum, and the remedy holds for any proposed rearrangement of the elective system on the humanistic side.

³ Cf. “The Nature of Culture Studies,” *The School Review* (1905), XIII, 441-57.

ing a page of a French author "only half grasps it." That is, author and reader jostle each other so that likes and dislikes destroy the balance. And what is true of literature holds of other human creations. Paul planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase. On the contrary, when you turn to the classics you find that these distractions vanish, you become consubstantial with the substance of your author. As Euripides has it, "the Greeks walk in light"; in this light we see light clearly. Lapse of time, and the happy fact that the greatest ancients could overlook the social "organism" as we never can, have sifted things unseen and eternal from things seen and temporal. By a magic that is yet no mystery, we feel the master's unerring touch. Need I do more than suggest that you compare the rivers of insipid stuff flowing from the modern "religious" press with the classical splendors of the Bible? I could name you men whom Nietzsche has turned into fanatics, aye, and, nearer home, men whom even the urbane Professor William James has turned into echoes. But I defy you to distil fanaticism or fashion from Plato and Thucydides, from Cicero and Livy. The classics are classical because in them, as concerns the intellect, we find the secret of eternal life. They illustrate, not the surface play of momentary events, at present so often mistaken for "history" but the constitutive operation of the human spirit, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. They reveal the quintessential motive force of significant achievement; they lay a steady finger upon the permanent factors of civilization, brushing aside the petty nine days' wonders. Their appeal lies to reasonable and independent men, by the simple fact that nothing human is indifferent to them, the indifferently human abhorrent. Accordingly, when it comes to *the* condition for the continued efficiency of higher education—a mind

more and more

Personal, comprehensive of world-life—

the classics still furnish the surest guide to mastery in our own house. As a preparation for success in any humanistic study, as a preparation for maintenance of one's humanity, irrespective of one's vocation, they are, and must remain, incomparable. He

who runs may read the moral regarding their place in any elective system that could command rational confidence.

With respect to the *second*, classical representatives must have a care that some things do not get "between the wind and their nobility." With all diffidence, and fully aware of the manifold difficulties, I say to them that the great matter is to renew the nature of classical study for the average student. Surely there be persons, like Julius Caesar, events, like Thermopylae, principles, like that of the golden mean, fit to convince men of the import of their destiny. Surely exercises in unraveling the solutions of Greek and Roman affairs are admirable indices to our weightiest matters. Surely in these astonishing culminations, if anywhere, we may detect the nature of man's travail with himself in common, daily things. The clamant need is to pierce to the ideas and to the movements mediated by them. Remembering that the time is short, rapid and wide reading assumes prime importance. Put every aid at the disposal of the student, remove every obstacle to direct intercourse, and the sin of curious specialization that doth so easily beset. The depths and beauties of the authors clamor for appreciation. In some such way, the classics can perform inestimable service for the non-professional student and in the newest education. They enable him, first, to realize the winsomeness of literature and art. "In all Greek work," as Percy Gardner says, "whether poem or speech, history or sculpture, there is an evenness of development, a simplicity of motive, a beauty of outline, which cannot be found elsewhere." Second, they reveal the essentials for which man has ever struggled, will ever struggle. No other section of history is pregnant with such vasty issues as the millennium from Draco to Justinian. No fitful fever this, but a slow, regular, most momentous march. Stamp its real inwardness upon the nascent mind, attune to its wonder, and you have familiarized with the majesty of mortal effort. A cosmos looms athwart the soul, a cosmos set in rare perspective. What were the pulsating influences that rendered it so remarkable? Miss them, and you miss everything. Master them, and you are prepared for anything. A *Thathandlung*, as Fichte

expresses it, sends forth its penetrating challenge, deep calling unto deep. It is with this that the classical mentor of higher education must reckon, for the sake of other humanists, with no thought of himself or of his fenced corner. Thirdly, no other period of history has so enriched the common stock of human ownership. Greek literature, art, and philosophy; Roman government and law; Christianity;—produce a parallel inventory! Now, we non-classicists care little for the mere words that convey these mighty things. But we demand to know the matter face to face. Here be documents of a period, no doubt, fashioned thus and so; but what do they tell? We ask that formal erudition be accounted secondary for our nurslings. As has been well said, “disconnected from moral, social, and philosophical considerations, history, geography, and linguistics are still material sciences, just as physics or geology. And they have an additional inferiority in being not only much less scientific, but much less useful.” Accordingly I conclude that you classical teachers occupy a position of unique advantage, because you can disentangle these “moral, social, and philosophical considerations” from technical accompaniments which, however final for you, for us are accessory. In a reformed elective system, with the classics as the most available foundation for all humanistic study, this attitude will spell deliverance from banality all round. I believe you are able to convert even our young barbarians to the conviction that in essence man is distinguished principally by the things of the mind. Admittedly, perhaps,

the times are not yet ripe
Save only mine and thine.

Yet,

know, the scheme
Of truth develops in man's absolute mind
With grade from false to true; the foregone truth
Turn'd false, the truth to come not yet ripe truth,
Save for those souls elaborate beyond

the elements in which they are immersed. You hold the key, not to a modicum of training or information, but to the most

educative chapter in the history of the race. We lesser humanists cannot forego your aid, as I have tried feebly to sketch it. Come over to Macedonia and help us, but help us according to *our* necessity.

"The classics in the New Education"! May a professed idealist speak a word of cheer? For a moment, under the stress of disconcerting change, men may debase self-study to the level of uselessness. But ultimately they may not doff their own reason. Thus they are compelled to return to investigations of human nature as the single means to solve human questions. *Lèse-majesté* may be dangerous now or then, *lèse-humanité* spells sheer suicide always. And if we conserve the arts which *Alterthumswissenschaft* reveals we shall never forget how to charm the gods of Olympus so that, as of yore, they may descend from their translucent heights, to make divine war on behalf of human mastery in human issues.